

When the young Larks this news repeat,
Hence, cries the dam, we all must get;
Your legs, your wings, my children try,
For down to-morrow goes the rye.

*That never bid your friends pursue,
Which you without their aid can do.*



The FEAST of the BIRDS.

THE Eagle once proclaim'd a feast,
Where every bird was bid a guest,
You Nightingale (said she) prepare
A concert and a bill of fare.

The tuneful, little busy bird,
Admir'd by all, by most preferr'd,

K

Stu-